If you insist

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If you insist

by Miken

Summary

[...]He had lifted his head and was looking at Hannibal like he was the last man in the world. There was no shy avoidance in his eyes, only raw need. His pupils were blown, his eyes brighter in his feverish state and Hannibal wanted to devour him.

“Please, help me, Hannibal.”

And who was Hannibal, to deny this desperate, sweet little thing?[...]

Will is in need. Hannibal, being a gentleman, helps him out.

Notes

EDIT: Now betaread! Insertimaginativenamehere kindly checked the grammar for me, but upon re-reading the fic I made a few changes to the text, so - once again - all mistakes are mine lol

Feel free to point them out, I'll correct them.

Thank you <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Hannibal had never been one for vacations.

Maybe it was because he had struggled to survive in his youth, when he had known real misery, that, as an adult, he never even entertained the idea of taking time off from work.

But it wasn't everyday that your only sister got married.

Mischa had wanted him near in the days preceding the big day, so he had flown from Maryland a week before the actual date. Not a too long flight, luckily, since both ceremony and banquet were going to be held at the groom's country estate, on Lake Tahoe.

And so there he was, sitting in a comfortable chair and sipping a wine glass while enjoying the view from the terrace.

The birds were chirping, it was sunny, but not hot, thanks to the breeze coming from the lake. It was the very definition of a perfect day.

The sound of someone cursing broke the idyll.

On his left a man had dropped a stack of folding chairs and was now inspecting a chair for damages.

Hannibal sighed.

The garden below him was abuzz with people busy decorating the place. Hannibal had offered to help, but Mischa had vetoed the idea, claiming he would've drive everyone insane with his perfectionism.

At the moment, he was pondering to go check anyway, when a gust of wind carried to his nose a delicious smell, distracting him.

Fruity and spiced, decadent in his mouth like the first sip of a good Chianti.

A moment later a tentative voice called his name.

"Dr Lecter?"

Hannibal turned his head and couldn't help a little smile coming to his lips.

"Hello, Will."

The young Omega looked uncertain, so Hannibal gestured toward the chair beside him in silent invitation. Clearly relieved at Hannibal's welcome, the young man sat with a smile of his own, small and sweet.

Will was his sister's fiance, Bryan's, teenage son. Despite Hannibal's initial misgivings, Will had turned out to be quite down-to-earth, for a heir of a billionaire.

"Are you supervising the preparations?" asked Will, avoiding eye contact.

"I'm merely observing the proceedings. The wedding planners seem very competent," Hannibal answered with a charming smile.

Will nodded, cheeks aflame, turning his eyes to the men working on assembling a gazebo.

Hannibal wasn't sure if Will's nervousness came from being so close to an Alpha or if it was just his personality. He was starting to suspect it was a combination of both.

Also, if the frequent blushing and the coy little glances were anything to go by, he was positive Will had a crush on him. He found the thought both flattering and amusing and couldn't help teasing the teen whenever possible.

Hannibal used Will's distraction to take his fill: the dark curls, the green-blue eyes, the fair skin. At fifteen, Will had a slender figure, but his soft curves betrayed his secondary gender. He was never going to fill out like his female counterparts, but there was not denying what he was.

To Hannibal's growing surprise, these past few days in Will company had proved to be increasingly trying to his self-control. Even if, or maybe because, unlike many other Omegas in the past, Will had never actively tried to seduce him. He was effortlessly tempting.

Even now, Will was wearing nothing too enticing, just basket shorts and a plain sleeveless t-shirt. The shirt wasn't baggy, but it was large enough to tease a glimpse of the barely-there roundness of his breasts. And he wasn't wearing a bra, so Hannibal could clearly see the outline of his nipples.

For a moment, Hannibal let himself imagine reaching out to fondle those little Omega tits and trace those pointy buds. Rub and pinch them until they were standing proud and Will was quivering in his arms.

His dick twitched in interest, but remembering his surroundings, Hannibal forced himself to take a calming breath. He grimaced, smelling a hint of his arousal in the air.

Good thing Omega noses weren't as keen as Alphas' - it wouldn't do to scare the skittish Omega.

At least until Hannibal could find a way to fuck him without being arrested for statutory rape.

"Mischa tells me it's going to be a small gathering," observed Hannibal in a conversational tone. "Are your relatives not attending?"

Will shrugged.

"My dad's an only child and my grandparents are dead. I think most of his guests will be friends and colleagues."

Hannibal hummed, pensive. “None of your friends are attending?”

Will snorted.

“I don’t have close friends.”

Meaning, guessed Hannibal, he had no friends at all.

“That’s too bad. I imagine the banquet is going to be boring for you, being alone with no friends your age,” Hannibal commented in a mild tone.

He had to force himself to maintain an air of moderate interest when the young Omega glanced at him out of the corner of his eyes.

“But aren’t we friends now, Dr Lecter?”

This time Hannibal let the smile show.

“Of course we are, Will,” he practically purred. “And, please, call me Hannibal?”

Will nodded, eyes on Hannibal’s hand on the table, and his alluring smell intensified.

Hannibal sighed when he heard fast footsteps approaching his bedroom.

Mischa had been tense all day, snapping at whoever crossed her path. He understood her irritability, so close to the wedding, but by dinnertime he had reached his limit.

Therefore, he had retired earlier than usual for the night, claiming a migraine, but the glare Mischa had sent him had held a promise of pain to come.

He had hoped she’d be too busy to actually go scold him. He should have known better.

He was halfway to the door when it banged open and he was assaulted not by his sister’s wrath, but by the headiest smell ever.

Will was there, panting and trembling.

“Will-!”

“Dr Lecter –Hannibal!” stuttered Will. “There is something wrong with me! I think- I think I’m going in Heat! But-”

Hannibal scented the air. The natural spice in Will's smell had intensified tenfold and it made the Alpha side of his mind growl in interest.

"Will, calm down," Hannibal said in a placating tone. "Why would you think that?"

Will shook his head.

"I don't- I don't know. I've been like… jittery all day. And now I feel like my skin is crawling. And-and--" Will stopped talking, running his hands through his hair.

Hannibal forced himself to think: Will had been with Mischa all day. She was an Alpha too, and her extremely volatile mood could have stressed out Will enough to trigger his Heat.

Not to mention that Will been constantly exposed to Hannibal's pheromones these past few days.

"Do you want me to call your father?" he made himself ask.

He had no intention of letting Will go, of course. But if things went downhill, he could always claim he had tried to bring the underage Omega to his legal guardian.

"No!" Will screeched, almost in a panic.

Before Hannibal could register the movement, Will had flown into his arms.

"Please, I don't want to go outside again! There are all those other Alphas." The last part was muffled by Hannibal's shirt, but he heard it loud and clear.

Hannibal was surprised by the snarl the thought of other hands on Will elicited. He hadn't been aware he had grown so possessive of the Omega, but he was never one to deny himself, so he closed his arms around the trembling form of the Omega and hushed him.

"Let me just close the door, then," he said.

Not letting Will go, Hannibal took the last step to the door, closed and, as quietly as possible, locked it.

Not that Will was paying any mind to his actions.

He had lifted his head and was looking at Hannibal like he was the last man in the world. There was no shy avoidance in his eyes, only raw need. His pupils were blown, his eyes brighter in his feverish state and Hannibal wanted to devour him.

"Please, help me, Hannibal."

And who was Hannibal, to deny this desperate, sweet little thing?

He framed Will's face in his big hands and said, "Don't worry, mylimasis. I'm going to take good care of you."

He kissed one warm cheek – smiling when Will closed his eyes with a shiver – then under his jaw. Hannibal sucked a kiss on his neck and was rewarded with trembling hands in his hair.

His own hands moved to the teen's chest and finally – finally – he let himself touch those delicious little tits. He squeezed them through the t-shirt and both he and Will sighed.

Impatient, Hannibal took off Will's shirt and there they were.

They were tiny, really, each fitting easily in one hand, and perky. Will's nipples were dark pink and stiff. Hannibal thumbed them and Will outright whined. Hannibal wanted to taste, too, but there was quite a height difference between them.

Sensing Hannibal's stillness, Will opened his eyes and called his name softly.

"Let's move to the bed," said Hannibal, reluctantly moving his hands to the teen's waist.

He picked up Will with no effort, proud when he felt Will legs go around his hips without prompting. Then, he eased Will down on the sheets and removed both his pants and his underwear, grateful the boy was wearing flip-flops.

Once again, he took a moment to take his fill.

Dark hair disheveled, brilliant eyes, plump lips. His skin pale, unmarred, his lean body only 'disturbed' by the soft curves of his breasts and hips. Will's dick, like all Omegas', was very small – having no reproductive use – but lovely.

And he couldn't see it yet, but his nose was telling him that Will's hole was wet and leaking.

"You are so beautiful, mylimasis," sighed Hannibal.

Will blushed and bit his lips. "So are you," he said in a quiet voice.

For that, Hannibal had to kiss him. He pressed his lips on Will's bitten ones, sucking his bottom lip before delving into his mouth. Will tasted as delicious as he smelt and Hannibal hungrily devoured his mouth.

Like attracted by an invincible force, his hands found Will's tits again.

He squeezed them, memorizing their weight and their shape. Breaking the kiss, he left Will panting for air, and put his mouth on a nipple.

He licked it, reveling in Will full body shudder, and sucked it in his mouth. It felt soft yet hard on his tongue and as excellent as he had imagined it. Hannibal hummed in satisfaction and put his fingers on the other nipple, rolling and pinching it lightly.

Will was openly moaning now, his back arched and his hands in Hannibal's hair.

"Hannibal! Hannibal please!" he cried.

Reluctantly, Hannibal took his mouth away from Will's nipple and looked at his face instead.

“Please what, mylimasis?”

Will made a little frustrated noise and raised his pelvis. Hannibal’s body wasn’t close enough to get any friction, but the message was clear. Hannibal entertained the thought of letting Will beg more, but he had already promised to take of care of him, didn’t he? This time, he could be generous.

“I see. Turn around, on hands and knees.”

While Will scrambled to obey, Hannibal removed his clothes and set them down on the chair beside the bed.

When he turned to the bed he had to palm his cock at the sight. On his knees but with his head pillowed on his forearms, Will’s ass was completely exposed. His hole was shiny with slick and a soft pink sign Will was effectively a virgin.

Hannibal felt himself salivating.

Without any more delay, he climbed on the bed and sat behind Will. He massaged Will trembling thighs and squeezed his round cheeks apart. He passed his tongue over his crack, making Will jump in surprise, tasting his slick.

It was one of the sweetest things Hannibal had ever tried.

He licked his clenching hole and sucked on it. When he breached it with his tongue, Will cried out and pushed his ass toward Hannibal’s face.

So eager, thought Hannibal with hungry fondness. So responsive.

Also, he was wet, but not as much as if he’d be if he was actually experiencing a Heat. So, something similar enough to make skyrocket his hormones level, but not enough to send the Omega into the typical sexual frenzy.

Putting these thoughts aside for another moment, Hannibal proceeded to devour Will’s ass. He alternated sucking, licking and fucking the little hole with his tongue. His hands were now gripping Will’s flesh hard to keep the squirming teen where he wanted him.

It took very little time before Will’s cries became more urgent.

“Ha-Hannibal! I’m going-going to--!”

Reluctantly, Hannibal stopped his ministrations.

Ignoring Will’s desperate whines, he left a last parting kiss on Will now puffy pucker and rolled Will on his back.

The Omega looked completely gone, eyes moist with unshed tears, face flushed with heat.

“Why?” asked Will, panting and desperate.

Hannibal tilted his head and smiled.

“Because I want you to come with my dick in your ass. Do you want to be fucked, Will?”

Will moaned a “Please!!!” and reached out to Hannibal.

He took Will’s hands in his and pulled up the Omega. Sitting against the pillows at the head of the bed, he drew Will into his lap.

Will threw his arms around Hannibal’s neck and kissed him hungrily, seeming indifferent to where Hannibal’s mouth had been.

Humming his approval, Hannibal smoothed his hands down Will’s chest, palming his breasts for a moment, before reaching for his ass. The first finger went in so smoothly, thanks to Will’s slick and Hannibal’s rimming, that Hannibal added a second finger right away.

He pumped and scissored them and, when he felt the muscles relaxed enough, he added a third. That seemed to cause some discomfort, so Hannibal put his other hand on Will’s neglected little cock.

Soon Will was moaning with urgent need and he looked on the verge of orgasm again.

Hannibal took his fingers out and silenced Will’s complaint with a kiss.

“Ready?”

Will nodded frantically and put his head on Hannibal’s shoulder, so Hannibal maneuvered Will where he wanted him and slipped inside him.

Hot, wet, tight pressure wrapped around the head of his cock, pulling a satisfied sigh from his lips.

Will tensed for a moment only, then he relaxed with a sigh.

It only took a couple of upward thrusts to seat himself completely inside Will’s body, the Omega biology smoothing the process. Hannibal paused to savor the moment, then started moving slowly.

He caressed Will’s sides and put his thumbs on Will’s nipples. On a whim, he rubbed them roughly and Will gasped and bucked his hips. The Omega met his eyes, pink mouth open in shock, and put his hands on Hannibal wrists. Not pushing him away but holding on.

Hannibal’s grin went almost feral and he started to stroke the little buds in earnest, delighted by Will’s little cries.

He planted his feet firmly on the bed and, reclining more against the pillows, picked up the pace of his thrusts. Between the dick in his ass and the fingers on his nipples, it didn’t take much for Will to come.

Hannibal slowed, savoring the delicious pressure on his cock from Will's spasms, and took the trembling Omega in his arms.

He sat up and maneuvered Will's pliable body until the Omega was laying on his back. Then he balanced his weight on his hands, at the sides of Will's head, and pushed back inside.

Hannibal set a brutal pace right away, delighted by Will's high-pitched moans and by the fact that he was already moving his hips again, chasing his own pleasure.

One of Will's hands, that were gripping his wrists again, reached toward Hannibal face.

"Alpha!"

There was so much desperation and need in that call that Hannibal found himself answering on instinct.

Slowing down a bit, he bent on the Omega's body and devoured his mouth. His lips moved on the delicate neck and when he bit down, he felt Will go tense and come with a shout.

It didn't take long after that for Hannibal to come with a groan.

They stayed like this for a couple of minutes, pressed together and panting and, when he felt the blood return to his limbs, Hannibal sat up with Will in his arms. The thought of getting up and clean himself crossed his mind, but in the end he collapsed backward on the pillows.

Will squirmed until he found comfortable position and then melted against the Alpha's body. Hannibal smoothed a hand on his back, studying the top of Will curly head resting on his chest.

"How are you feeling?" he asked quietly.

Will stretched his lower body and hummed.

"I feel great." he sighed, leisurely.

After a short deliberation, Hannibal commented, blandly, "So, it wasn't your Heat."

He felt Will tense and relax in a span of a breath. He raised his head to study Hannibal's expression.

"I guess. I was really feeling funny earlier, but it's not like I'd know the difference – since, you know, I haven't had my first Heat yet."

Hannibal froze. He took a deep breath through his nose and forced himself to ask. "How old are you, exactly?"

"Almost fifteen."

Hannibal couldn't rein in his groan this time and Will laughed. His giggles morphed in an affronted squeal when Hannibal slapped his ass, hard.

“Oh, come on, don’t be like this! I had to use drastic measures only because you were being all teasing and no action.” pouted Will, sitting up in his lap to massage his offended cheek.

Despite his ire and wounded pride, Hannibal felt the corner of his lips bend upward. He cradled Will face in his hand and caressed his bottom lip with his thumb.

Will mouthed at the fingertip almost on reflex and Hannibal breathed a laugh.

“You are a little minx, aren’t you? A nymphet.”

Will rolled his eyes.

“Don’t go all Nabokov on me, now.” He nipped Hannibal thumb, hard. “I am well aware you’re not a good person, Dr Lecter.” At Hannibal’s raised eyebrow, Will smiled gleefully. “But it’s fine, because I’m not either.”

Hannibal pressed his laugh to Will’s mouth and rolled them on the bed.

End Notes

Hope you enjoyed the reading!
Peace :)

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!